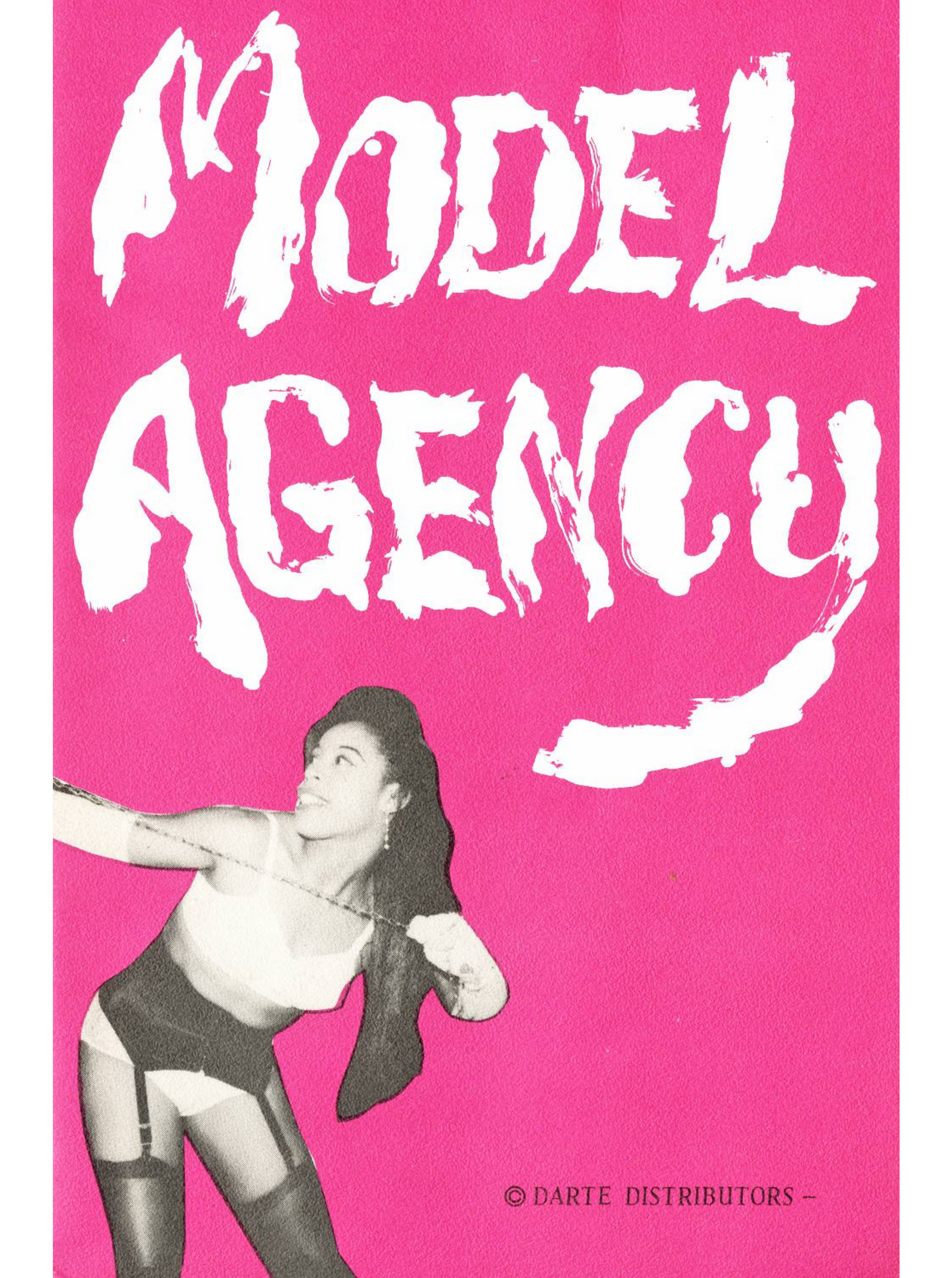

MODEL
AGENCY
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MODEL AGENCY

BY NORMAN REED

Peggy Stevens had been a good student at the model agency training school she had been attending for the past two years, and it was a great thrill for her when she received her certificate showing that she was ready to face the world as a model.

It had been a long, hard grind to get this certificate, and Peggy wondered too if these well-known girls had been through the same trying ordeals during their period of training.

Peggy had come to New York from a small town out West and had set her heart on being a professional model and had been told that this downtown school was the best suited to her talents, and that they had the best contacts for girls once they had graduated.

Peggy had gone to see the man who ran the agency as soon as she had arrived in town and was told to come back the next day for a screening.

Dave Gordon had seen a lot of girls before, as it was his business and he liked the fresh country

appearance of Peggy. He wanted plenty of time to make the interview an enjoyable experience, and so he had set a time when the school would be empty, so that he would not be disturbed.

Peggy arrived at the appointed time and Dave took her into his office, which was lined with the photos of girls who had passed through his school and had been successful.

He took Peggy over to the couch and sat beside her while he talked about her background and the future that might lie ahead of her, if she worked hard and cooperated with him in his work.

"Now let's see what kind of material we have to work with," he said and he asked her to stand up and walk a few paces up and down the room.

She did not walk like a professional model, but Dave liked the shape of her lithe body, and he knew that he had something to work with. However, he did not tell this to Peggy at once.

"That's not too bad," he said . . . "Now let's see what else you have that will be of help. Let's see what kind of figure you have."

Peggy hesitated for a moment, as if she did not know what he meant.

"Yes, I mean take off your clothes . . . don't look so amazed . . . it's the usual thing, if you want to become a top flight model."

So Peggy undid the buttons of her blouse and slipped it off over her shoulders. She stopped for a moment to allow Dave to enjoy the scene . . . and he enjoyed what he saw, for her breasts were young and firm and the nylon bra she wore gave them an uplift that made them more inviting.

At a nod from Dave, she slipped off her skirt which had clung so seductively to the roundness of her buttocks. It slid to the floor and she stood there, in her tight little panties and garter belt which held up the stockings that encased her long shapely legs.

She stood there, posed in an amateurish way, but it was enough.

Dave said nothing, but sat on the couch, drinking in the beauty of the young girl.

He stretched out his arms to her . . . "Come over here and let me take a real close look at you."

And as she came near, he took her arm and gently pulled her onto the couch beside him. He took her hand in his and smiled as he said, "I think that you are going to be a great success, but it will take time and a lot of hard work. If you are nice to me and do all I say, I will see that you get the opportunity to work in a big fashion house when your training is through."

Then he suddenly put his arm around her shoulder and pulled her close to him, and then his lips sought out hers and Peggy found herself in the middle of a passionate embrace. She felt his lips

crushing on hers. She was too surprised to stop him and she felt that if she resisted his advances it might mean that her whole future might be in jeopardy.

And anyway, Dave was not a bad looking man and he knew how to kiss. She felt his tongue seeking hers as he pulled her even closer to him in a tight embrace.

Peggy responded by putting her arms around his neck and letting her fingers run through his hair, for she was in truth enjoying this new experience.

Now his lips were on her cheek as he sought to regain his breath.

"You're lovely, so very lovely," he whispered and he held her by the shoulders and his lips sought out the soft warm neck. Now his hands started to wander. Hungrily, his lips left her neck and he smothered her with kisses.

Peggy sighed as he made ardent love to her . . . she closed her eyes and resigned herself to her fate.

The agency must have thought that she was one of their best students for they gave her an introduction to one of the best known fashion houses in New York.

Peggy did not waste any time, but phoned for an appointment and was told that Mr. Henderson would see her if she came down the following morning. She had heard of Mr. Henderson and knew that he





was the man who was the head of Parisian Gowns Co. and he had been in touch with the school for them to send down their best model for he was always anxious to have new blood and new faces and figures to model his exclusive gowns.

Peggy was very meticulous about the way she dressed the next morning for she knew that first impressions were lasting and she wanted to look her best and impress Mr. Henderson that she was the girl for his company.

Peggy made her way to the offices on Seventh Avenue and entered the richly appointed offices of Parisian Gowns Co.

She walked with an air of confidence that went with her beautiful face and figure . . . a walk that showed she had been well trained as a model, for there was grace and loveliness in her every movement.

Her tight fitting dress showed her to her best advantage and it clung seductively to the rounded contours of her figure.

She carried her five feet eight with such grace that one hardly realized that she was carrying about 130 pounds in weight.

Yes, she had the walk and air of a professional already even though this was the first job she had tried for . . . yes, she was a professional, even though she had not been paid or worked on a job yet.

"I have an appointment with Mr. Henderson," she said. "I spoke to you on the phone yesterday and I have a letter of introduction from the modelling school."

The secretary studied her with an expert eye, for she was used to seeing models as part of her daily work.

"I'll tell Mr. Henderson that you are here. What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't mention it, but it's Peggy Stevens if you remember rightly."

"Oh, yes. Just a moment and I'll see if Mr. Henderson will see you now."

And she disappeared into an office and Peggy sat patiently waiting until she returned.

The secretary returned within a few minutes and motioned to Peggy to follow her and without a further word, Miss Stevens was announced into the office of Mr. Henderson.

It was a lovely office that Peggy entered . . . so different from what she had expected. There was a thick rich carpet on the floor and the panelled walls and huge oak desk lent an air of luxury to the whole atmosphere. Having looked it over with a nod of satisfaction, she turned her attention to the man seated behind the desk.

Mr. Henderson was just what she had expected . . . a man in his early fifties who had just

returned from Florida to judge by the rich tan that covered his face. He had lost the greater part of his hair, but it did not detract from his charm in any way. His firm chin and well formed mouth added to the general lines of his pleasing features.

"I hope everything meets with your approval?" he laughed as he watched Peggy taking a mental note of her surroundings.

Peggy nodded and smiled as she dropped into the chair beside the desk which Mr. Henderson had suggested.

"I didn't mean to be rude," she said, "but I've always wanted to work for the best firms because I feel that is the only way to make a lot of money and I do intend to make a lot. I think it is so much easier starting at the top than wasting years climbing the ladder of success. After all, you will agree that the years that one can remain as a top model are limited and I want to make the most of the years while I can."

"I see that you are a very smart young lady," said Mr. Henderson and he nodded his head solemnly. "Do you think that you are going to like working for me?"

Peggy smiled and said . . . "The school said I couldn't work for anyone better than you because you paid the top money in this field and had all the best contacts. From the looks of this set-up, I should say that they were right. If you like me and the money is right, then I think I would like to work for you."

"Good!" said Mr. Henderson, and he named a figure that he paid only to the very top flight models.

"That sounds fairly good to start . . . does that mean that I can have the job?" said Peggy, without batting an eye.

Henderson smiled and looked at her quietly for a few moments, and then he said, "Yes, it's yours if you want it.

"But of course, the amount that I have just mentioned is what I pay for the best and the established models, which I believe you will be in the not too distant future, because you have the figure and poise that is needed in such a job.

"But you realize, of course, that I have not seen you work and that even though I like you personally, I would fire you on the spot if things did not work out to my satisfaction."

Peggy intimated that she was perfectly agreeable with the set-up and would like at least to have a try at the position.

"Very well then . . . now we have decided on that, let's see the type of material we have to work with. Just slip out of your dress and let me see what your body really looks like, because your skin must be perfect if you are to wear low cut evening gowns or clothes where you will be exposing more of your body than you are now."

Peggy looked around to see if there was a dressing room or some place where she could disrobe.



"Looking for a dressing room?" asked Henderson.

"Yes, do you have any?"

"Sure, we have lots of them, but don't worry about that now. You see, I get a peverse pleasure out of seeing a woman take off her clothes, even though it's strictly for business. You won't deprive an old man of his pleasures, will you?" and he winked as he smiled at her.

Peggy shrugged her shoulders and stood up in the middle of the carpet. Lifting the hem of her dress, she pulled it quickly over her head. She smoothed her long black hair into place and stood there waiting. Then, as he said nothing, she pulled off her pink slip.

She made a delicious picture standing there in her black lace bra, which covered two lovely, well-developed mounds, her tight-fitting panties and garter belt and stockings that encased a pair of long, shapely legs.

Henderson thought that they were really lovely, and he thought that the entire picture was one that he would remember for some time to come.

He was accustomed to seeing beautiful women all day long as this was his business, and he had seen them clothed and unclothed, but Peggy stirred him to admiration as few women had done before.

He waved his hand towards her . . . "Would you mind finishing the job . . . the rest?" he said in a voice that was almost an order.

Peggy hesitated for a moment but then when she thought of the money she was going to receive and the opportunities that lay ahead, she did not hesitate but slowly went about completing the task.

With deliberate actions, she first unhooked her garter belt and then undid the suspenders on her stockings, which she rolled down each leg.

She threw the garter belt onto the chair with her other clothes. Then she lazily stretched her arms as she watched Henderson's face to see what effect she was having on him, and she could see that he was enjoying every minute of it.

Then she reached behind her back and unhooked her bra and drew it down slowly, exposing first one and then the other of her loveliness.

She threw it over to join the rest of the clothes, while she bent over and pulled off her panties and stood there, proud in the knowledge that her young body was all that anyone could desire. She posed gracefully with her hands behind her head.

"Very lovely, very lovely indeed. The job is certainly yours if you still want it. Just put your clothes back on and we will go along and meet a young man with whom you will be doing a lot of work. He will be doing all the designing of the gowns you'll wear . . . his name is Fred Steele."

Mr. Henderson's whole approach had caught Peggy unawares. She had expected at least one pass to be made at her before she started to dress

again, but this sudden return to business caught her off her guard.

Quickly, she slipped back into her clothes and followed him out of his office and across to a door marked 'Designer'.

The office they now entered was not as lavish as the one they had just left, but in its own way was very lovely, with huge windows overlooking the city and its modern furniture strewn with cloth and material.

At a drawing board by the window a young man was sitting . . . this was Fred Steele.

"Fred, I'd like you to meet Peggy Stevens. She is going to be with our company as a model, and I thought it would be a good idea if you worked with her on some of the new numbers that you are doing for our Fall fashion show. Give her the best numbers, as I want to give her a break and I feel that she will do justice to them."

The young man nodded his head that he had heard, but he did not look up from the board on which he was intently working . . . "I'll be with you in just a moment," he said. "Won't you sit down?"

Mr. Henderson patted Peggy on the arm in a fatherly manner and said, "These artists are all very temperamental but I'll leave you two to get acquainted." And he turned on his heel and left the room.

Peggy sat there for a few minutes and then her curiosity got the better of her, and she walked over and stood behind Fred and peeped over his shoulder to see what he was working on.

On the board was a beautiful evening gown and Peggy could not resist saying aloud . . . "It's beautiful!"

Fred seemed to awake from his reverie at the sound of her voice, and he swung round in his chair to face her and his eyes widened when he saw her.

"I'm sorry, but I was just putting the finishing touches to it . . . well, let's get to work."

And he went over to a closet in the corner and came back with a bolt of material.

He motioned to a pedestal in the middle of the room. "Stand up on there and take your dress and slip off," and went ahead unrolling the material and cut off a length.

He was so tied up in what he was doing that he did not even pause to watch her disrobe. Then he took the material and started to drape it around her, pinning it here and there as he created folds.

"This bra is in the way and will not show the dress off to its best advantage," and he reached out and unhooked her bra and drew it off her.

Then he went back to work, folding, tucking and pinning until the dress was finished and he stood back to admire his handiwork.





"Come over here and take a look in the mirror and let me know just how you like it," he suggested.

Peggy walked over to it and looked in. An expression of delight passed over her face and she found it difficult to find enough words of praise for this creation.

"You know that it is enhanced by your loveliness too," said Fred, who, for the first time, had taken note of Peggy as a woman.

"That gown was just made for you and I must have had you in mind when I dreamed it up."

And he smiled and for the first time, Peggy noticed his charming, boyish appearance.

Fred looked at his watch. "Gosh! it's getting late. Why don't we celebrate the birth of a new gown and the birth of a new fashion model? Let's go out and have a drink, and lunch, and talk over the future."

Peggy agreed, although she warned him that it would be strictly business. She had made up her mind a long time ago that she was not going to waste her life, struggling with some young man to make a future, but would find some older man who had already made the grade and could take good care of her. She had seen what had happened to her other friends at home who had had affairs in the wrong places at the wrong time of the month and who were now saddled with children and husbands whose incomes were only enough to be able to live a modest life.

No, Peggy had other plans and this smiling young man, even though he seemed to possess a lot of charm and good looks, was not included in them.

Peggy wanted money and security and she intended to get them.

"Well, if that's the way you want it, then it's all right with me," replied Fred, and he waited patiently while she dressed and he escorted her to a quiet table in the farthest corner for lunch in a nearby restaurant.

It was a pleasant, unhurried lunch which lingered on into the early afternoon, and the conversation showed that they had much in common. By the time they returned to the showrooms Peggy found that she liked Fred much more than she had ever intended, whilst he was only interested in knowing when he could see Peggy again outside of working hours.

Peggy re-assured Fred that she liked him very much but wanted him to know that she could not waste her time with him since he was in a low income bracket as far as she was concerned and that did not interest her.

"Well, that's all right with me," said Fred, not in the least bit discouraged.

"But I'm going to see you all the time and I'm going to keep right on asking you to marry me until you will find it difficult to refuse."

And he turned and left her with a surprised look on her face.

Fred was true to his word and he was constantly around Peggy even when she was not doing a job for him. And Peggy found it hard to resist his invitations because his humor and infectious smile made life so very pleasant and easy.

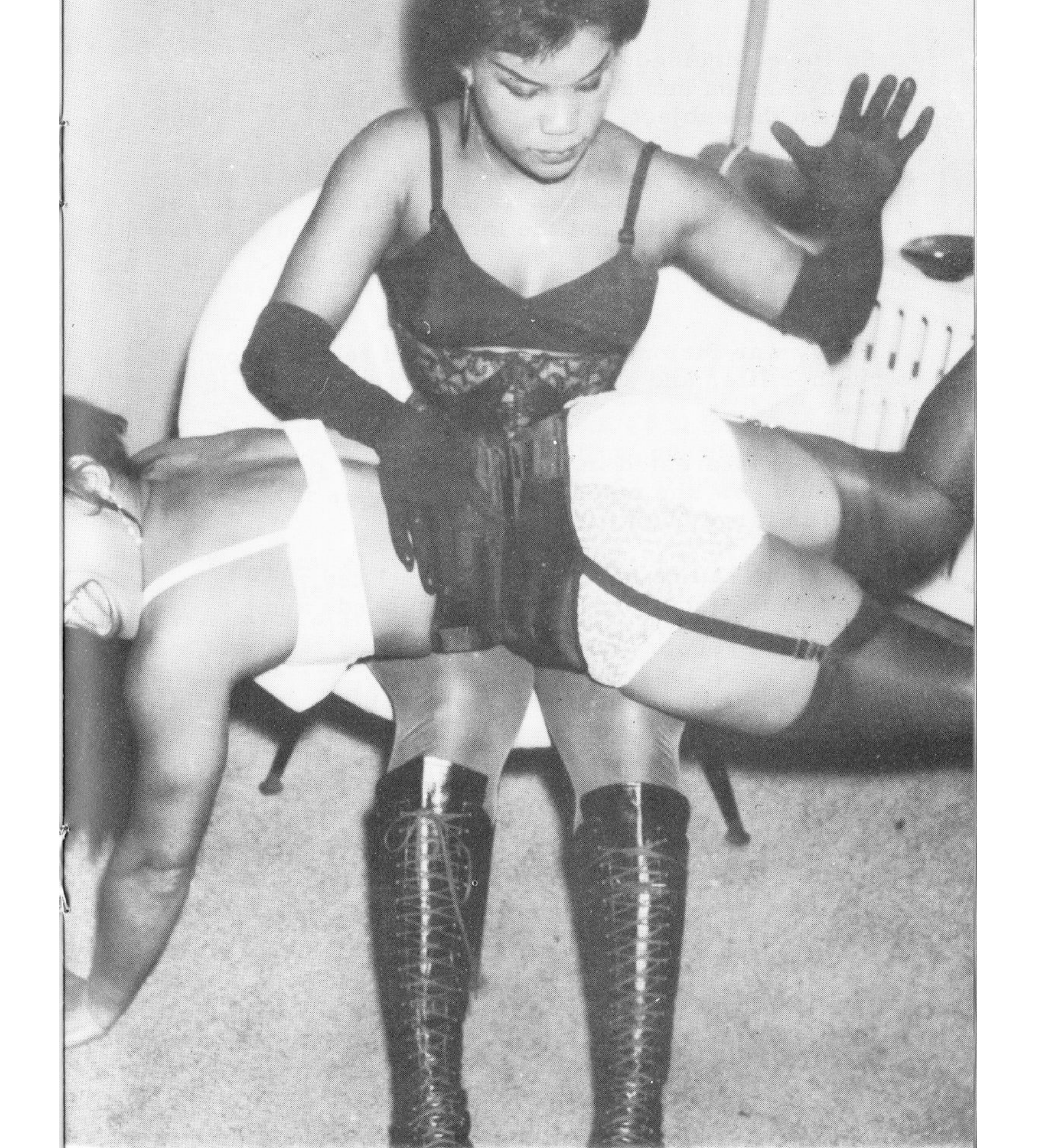
The result was that she accepted these invitations from time to time, always telling herself that this was the last time.

But she not only said yes again and again but even found herself in his arms for those good night kisses. But when his hands started to wander over the fullness of her body she was forced to give him playful slaps to show him that she did not wholly approve.

As time went by Peggy found that she was being considered as one of the best among the models of Parisian gowns and she was constantly being given some of the better jobs to show the line to the out-of-town buyers.

Mr. Henderson was very pleased with her work but Peggy was still not his number one girl and she felt a little jealous that the very best jobs were being given to a model named Susie who was not only getting more money but also getting the chance to meet more men who had money to spend on her when her day's work was through.

Peggy watched Susie closely for she was in constant contact with her in the dressing room and Peggy wondered why the top jobs did not always come her way. Susie was a cute blonde but her figure was in no way better than Peggy's. In fact, it was not so full but was quite slim and boyish.



So Peggy decided to find out why things were this way and on her next date with Fred she broached the subject.

"You don't want to get mixed up with those special showings," he said. "I know there's good money there, but it's not the kind of thing you would like, and anyway I don't want you to get hurt."

Peggy was furious that Fred should tell her how to run her life, and she told him so in no uncertain words.

She was interested in money and didn't care very much how she made it just as long as it came in, and in large quantities.

Since she had no satisfaction from Fred, she decided to take matters into her own hands and went to see Mr. Henderson.

"What's the trouble, Peggy?" he asked, when she was comfortably seated in his office, for he could see that there was a troubled look on her face. "Is Fred giving you a hard time?" and he laughed as he said it.

"No, he isn't giving me any trouble . . . anyway, I didn't know it was common gossip about the office."

"Well, it's been pretty obvious that he's taken a great fancy to you, but then if he's no problem, just what is?"

"I just wanted to know if you think I am as good a model as Susie."

Henderson did not answer at once, but took his time as he re-lit his cigar and looked at Peggy carefully.

"Yes, I think you are quite as good as Susie. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I have noticed that she is always chosen for the special showings and she always seems to be getting the large bonus checks. I think I have been here long enough to be able to qualify for those jobs too, and I want to know why I am not getting them."

"Well, to tell you the truth," said Mr. Henderson in a quiet solemn tone, "I didn't think that you were particularly interested in those types of jobs. It's true that there is a lot of extra money, but then there are a lot of extra duties that Susie does which I did not think you would want to do."

"I don't care very much what these extra duties are, and as I told you when I first came here for this job that all I was interested in was making money and I don't care very much what I have to do just so long as I get it. I want you to give me a chance at these special showings and I will take care of these extra duties too, if you want."

And she tossed her head defiantly.

"I hope you know what you are doing and will have no regrets at a later date . . . . but if that's

And he quickly hustled Peggy into one of the other rooms in the suite where Susie was already starting to change.

Peggy sat down to get her breath back from all that smoke and playful banter and watched while Susie got changed.

She watched while Susie stripped down to her girlish figure and stood there for a moment completely nude, and she she saw Susie rub her hands lovingly over her slim body.

Then Susie slipped into some very sheer but lacy underwear over which she put on a very revealing negligee.

Susie stood there for a moment while she inspected herself in the long mirror, and then with a nod of satisfaction she went out into the crowded room to do her stuff.

Peggy heard the roar of approval that greeted Susie when she stood before the crowd of men and somehow she felt a little sick inside, for this was something new from the type of work she had been doing at the usual fashion showings.

The wardrobe girl who had been helping Susie now turned her attention to Peggy and she smiled when she saw the look that the model had on her face.

Without a word, she handed Peggy the garments she was expected to wear.

There was a sheer lacy bra that would not even conceal the nipples of her breasts and a pair of matching panties that were equally sheer and equally revealing.

Stockings that would show to advantage her long shapely legs and a garter belt to hold them in position.

And to finish the outfit, there were a pair of high heeled black patent shoes and a sheer white negligee that would contrast with her raven tresses.

It was more the type of outfit one would wear on one's honeymoon in the privacy of a bridal suite and she shuddered as she thought of wearing it in front of those leering buyers who were drinking and smoking in the next room.

The thought of bridal suites and honeymoons seemed to bring to her mind the face of Fred, and she wondered what he would think if he knew just what she was up to and how he would feel.

Perhaps he had been right after all.

She felt annoyed that she had accepted this invitation, but she realized that it had been her own idea and felt that she would just have to go through with it.

She slowly opened the door to the next room and looked through the crack to see what was going on out there.

What she saw made her gasp, for there in the middle of the room on a pedestal, Susie was standing . . . but her negligee was no longer in sight.

She was standing in her sheer undies and turning slowly, while Mr. Henderson was commenting on the material and the design of what she wore.

The buyers seemed to be taking little or no interest in the words of praise, but seemed only concerned with the shape and form of Susie.

Mr. Jackson was standing there with his hand outstretched, feeling the material that was covering the rounded beauty of Susie's breasts, although he did not seem to be too much interested in the material, but more in the firmness of her form.

"Yes, I like this material," said Jackson . . . "I think we could do something with this."

Susie stood there and just smiled and did not make any effort to move away from the roaming hands . . . in fact, Peggy thought that from the expression on her face, Susie seemed to be enjoying the experience.

Peggy felt a coldness creeping down her spine because she knew that the same thing would be

when it was her turn to enter the crowded room.

She heard Jackson's voice once again and her attention was once more drawn back to the scene before her eyes.

"I'll give you an order for this, Henderson, but I gotta have a chance of examining this material in private." and he winked at the rest of the men who were crowding around.

"I'm sure that Susie would be happy to oblige you," said Henderson with a laugh, as Jackson took the model by the hand and led her out of sight into an adjoining room.

Peggy had seen and heard enough and turned back into the room and threw the clothes she was supposed to wear onto one of the chairs.

Then before she realized what she was doing, she had grabbed her coat and was pushing her way through the astonished buyers and heading out of the suite.

She did not seem to hear the voice of Henderson, who was calling to her to stop, but rushed out into the corridor and headed for the elevator as fast as her trembling legs could carry her.

She was so dazed that she scarcely noticed the man who was coming out of the elevator and into whose arms she found herself rushing.

It was Fred, who grabbed her and held her in his arms, and when she realized just who it was who held her, she broke down while the tears gushed from her eyes as she clung to him.

"Fred, oh, Fred, please take me away from here . . . take me away from this awful place."

"Well," said Fred firmly, "will you marry me now, or do you still feel you want to make some extra money?"

"Oh, no, no . . . it's you I want and I'll marry you any time you want me to," and she buried her head against his chest and he could feel her warm trembling body against his.

"Before you accept me so readily, I have a confession to make to you about tonight. This little party you have just fled from was really a little plan that Mr. Henderson and I set up.

"We knew that you were a good kid and we didn't want you to get into any trouble, so we decided to give you a little warning about what could happen if you ever got mixed up with the wrong crowd. Do you still want to marry me?"

Peggy did not answer with words and the pressure of her soft warm lips against his was all the answer that Fred needed.



